

THE SERVICE OF BIRDS.

Among the creatures that render service to mankind the birds occupy a foremost place. It is their function to suppress the insects that play havoc with the farmer's hard-earned crops. Fifty-three per cent of the food of birds in one locality was found to consist of the larvae of the disease disseminating mosquitoes. Horseflies are the burden not only of horses, but of other valuable stock, and the larvae of this fly are the natural food of several species of birds. The fever tick, so injurious to cattle, is the natural food of the killdeer and the plover. Corn, cotton and other crops are destroyed to a large extent by grasshoppers, and there are at least 33 species of birds that feed upon grasshoppers. Grass lands and grain crops in general suffer greatly from various insect pests, which are destroyed in vast multitudes by birds. The greatly dreaded boll weevil is food for the plover, the killdeer and others of the feathered tribe. It is a common experience to see birds following the plow and consuming grubs that are destructive to garden and other valuable plants. These friends of the planter should in every state be protected by right legislation.

The announcement by a Boston physician that electrifying the atmosphere of crowded apartments will make dull pupils bright and indolent workmen active may be worth looking into. It is possible that it would even make drowsy churchgoers attentive to long sermons. There is a stimulating influence in ozone, and this the electric current, as employed by the doctor, is said to diffuse in the atmosphere. Of course, it cannot be a substitute for fresh air. Ozone is not oxygen, and oxygen is indispensable to life. If it proves as beneficial as the doctor affirms the world will give it a cordial welcome, but the extent of its employment necessarily will be governed very largely by what it costs.

The Chicago health board secretary who condemns all flats as bad morally and physically—unfit places for the rearing of children—states a melancholy truth. It is likely that they will persist in cities as a necessary evil, but parents who can give their children the benefit of the larger, freer life of a separate home should never hesitate to do so.

A rich man in Illinois, who found wealth too much worry, has distributed his millions. Here is a hint to the other millionaires who are always bewailing the burden of their money, but to whom the thought of shedding the burden has never apparently suggested itself.

Historians tell us that Julius Caesar drank beer, and a French scientist comes to bat with the announcement that there was no such person as Julius Caesar. But even the most hardened skeptic would hesitate before claiming that there is no such thing as beer.

Menus with the food you eat pictured in lively colors are a new thing in a fashionable New York hotel. Doubtless the artist employed is the who painted a large red lobster to decorate the walls of the New York aquarium.

The rescue of a "rat" at a New Jersey resort reveals the fact that feline femininity has forsaken a long-trusted financial depository for another, as when the "rat" was placed in the hands of its excited owner, she drew from its hairy depths a roll of money. Now a woman will be sure of her personal wealth if she only keeps her head—that is, keeps it intact.

After walking some thousands of miles across the country, a man and his wife are in Boston greatly improved and increased in weight. Walking is decidedly more healthy than riding in sleeping cars, but it takes more time and costs more money, unless the pedestrians rely on hand-outs from the agricultural population.

Railroads announce that after the end of the year they will not carry trunks more than 70 inches long. The theatrical profession and mercantile travelers will have to make up to this restriction by giving their trunks the aspect of sky-scrapers.

An "artist" writes to the New York Sun rejoicing in the loss of the Mona Lisa, and speaking with measureless contempt for the "crowd" who admire it. No doubt he has scores of better pictures of his own painting.

May we remind you, worthy household, busy with the manifold cares that a modern civilization imposes upon you, that this is a good time to have your furnace overhauled and put in order for the coming winter?

News that Aviator Atwood found it difficult to land in Buffalo because of the smoke will cause Pittsburgh to sit up and chortle in its joy.

A Pennsylvania swain is on the trail of a damsel who wrote her name on an egg. Some people persist in looking for trouble.

Appearances are deceitful. Even the fat woman in the circus sometimes has a family skeleton.

POLITICAL COMMENT

EDITORIAL EXPRESSIONS FROM ARIZONA PAPERS OF ALL PARTIES.

Western Newspaper Union News Service.

A Wet Season.

Strange, but it is nevertheless a fact, every time a Democrat is scheduled to speak in the plaza it rains. Judging from past performances and the number of Democratic candidates in the field we are in for a long spell of wet weather.—Prescott Journal Miner.—(Rep.).

Self-Sacrificing Patriots.

Maricopa county has practically a candidate for every office in the new state. This will add to the gaiety of the campaign in outside counties. One of the absurd features of all campaigns, is the plea put forth by self-presuming candidates "that there is a demand for their services."—Phoenix Democrat (Dem.).

Then, Again.

Maricopa county has no candidate for auditor on the Democratic ticket, and we trust in the name of common decency that no one will seek that nomination. This county has badly overplayed its hand in state offices anyway.—Bisbee Review (Dem.).

If Lamar Cobb's batting average during this campaign keeps anywhere near that of his kinsman, Ty Cobb, he should bat out a home run in every county in Arizona.—Globe Silver Belt (Rep.).

El Paso's statehood celebration for Arizona and New Mexico will attract many people from both states. El Paso is beginning to wake up to the possibilities west of her that hitherto Los Angeles has taken advantage of without competition. West Texas, New Mexico and Arizona have much more in common than have the new states with southern California. The statehood celebration in the Pass City should emphasize that fact.—Tucson Citizen (Rep.).

Here's a Problem in Distribution. When the present primary law with which we are about to experiment was being constructed, the lawmakers did not take into account that it might not always be available, otherwise they would have made it a little less rigid—so as to meet all possible mathematical conditions.

For instance, the Socialist party of Mohave county does not know how it is going to break into the game in the first state election though it has been giving the subject a great deal of serious thought.

A candidate to get his name on the official county ballot must have his nomination papers signed by a number of voters equal to at least three per cent of the vote cast for delegate in Congress at the last regular election. The number of signers must not exceed ten per cent of the vote cast for delegate. And, the signers must represent not less than one fourth of the precincts.

There are twenty-seven voting precincts in Mohave county. Fifty-three names were cast for the Socialist candidate for Congress three years ago. Therefore a Socialist candidate in Mohave county now cannot present the signatures of more than five persons. Yet in order that one-fourth of the precincts may be represented as the law also requires he must present not less than seven signatures.—Bisbee Review (Dem.).

Not Boastful.

"I was in a Missouri town two years ago," said a local dramatic producer, "trying to get up a show. The landlord of the chief and only hotel seemed half-way intelligent, and I interviewed him as a preliminary. 'Your town boasts a band, does it not?' I asked. 'Well, no, stranger,' he responded. 'We've got a band, but we don't boast of it. We just endure it.'—Boston Traveler.

Appreciative.

Hamm—That's a bum audience tonight. Fatter—Didn't they call you back? Hamm—Call me back? They dared me to come back!—Toledo Blade.

"Ranterby Roarer has appeared 999 times in the same play." "How do you account for such an unprecedented run?" "He dies in the first act."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Even Thing.

Mr. Millvins (engaging valet)—I warn you that frequently I am exceedingly ill-tempered and gruff. Valet (cheerfully)—That's all right, sir; so am I.

A Humane Mistress.

"And are you still rejoicing in that splendid cook, Mrs. Malaprop?" inquired the caller. "Well, we are and we ain't," said Mrs. Malaprop. "The fact is Mary was so completely prostrated by the work of my household that I've given her a three weeks' vacation. I was afraid if I didn't she would be invalidated terminally."—Harper's Weekly.

Positive Wife—John, why do you talk in your sleep? Have you any idea? Negative Husband—So as not to forget how, I suppose. It's the only chance I get.—Fuck.

Little Johnnie stood gazing solemnly on the decrepit form of an old countryman. Noticing the boy's attention the old man asked: "Well, what is it, son?"

"Say," the inquisitive youngster asked, "did the politicians kiss you when you was a baby?"—From Success Magazine.

Fair, for the Morning After. When Jones—you know Jones—went down to breakfast this morning, with the gentle morning breeze stealing in through the curtained window of the Jones' suburban home, his wife said: "Henry, I was shocked when I saw in what condition you arrived home last night; I was perfectly beside myself."

"Ah!" he replied, with alacrity, "that accounts for it; that's why I saw two of you—you were beside yourself."

IS WORST OF JOKES

HARD TO TAKE THE TARIFF BOARD SERIOUSLY.

We May Ultimately Come Under Rule of Tariff Board, but We Scarcely Need It to Investigate the Shell Game.

We wish we could take that tariff board seriously in all respects, but it is impossible. For 40 years now the high taxes have been marking up tariffs. Poor fellows; they never had a tariff board. They simply consulted their inward sentiments. If the spirit moved them to buy a private yacht, to build a \$250,000 cottage by the sea or to endow a library or university, they told the people in Washington that they wanted more tariff to assist in the enterprise and they got it.

The process was the easiest imaginable. It was like the first law of nature, which is to help yourself. No body ever thought of calling it scientific. It was not even expert. With most practitioners the work was coarse, if not clumsy. Would a duck swim? Would a hungry man eat?

Those were great and primitive days. You saw what you wanted and you took it. In the course of time it became necessary to apologize occasionally for taking too much and to offer excuses for taking it from the wrong man, but the domain of science was not invaded and a tariff board was unheard of.

It now appears that all this use of the power to tax everybody for the benefit of somebody was highly scientific and that only scientists of the first order of merit can undo any part of it. Who should amputate a limb but a surgeon? Shall the intricacies of a costly chronometer be entrusted to the clumsy hands of a wood chopper? Is the average American well enough acquainted with the higher mathematics to be able to throttle a scientist who chances to be rifling his pockets?

These are profound and harrowing questions, but we nevertheless believe that what was done by one instrumentality may be undone by the same agency. It may be that we shall ultimately come under the sovereign rule of the tariff board, but we hardly need it to investigate the shell game or to make a report upon the newest get-rich-quick scheme. Designing women whose object is matrimony, learned metallurgists who know how to dispose of gold bricks, and skilled engravers having an oversupply of greenbacks may find it profitable on occasion to refer their clients to a tariff board, but it will be only for the purpose of gaining a little time. The sleuths will be upon their trail in a minute.

Thrusters at Trusts.

The department of justice is said to have a thousand complaints against the trusts upon its books. Investigation of alleged violations of the Sherman anti-trust law leads the department to believe that it can carry through several prosecutions with success before the end of the year.

The decisions in the cases against the Standard Oil company and the American Tobacco company proved that the Sherman law could deal with the trusts so far as to halt their policies of greed and tyranny. But they have not shown that the trust problem could be settled thereby. What are half a dozen suits, or half a hundred for that matter, as against the formation and the conduct of new combinations, new trade associations, new pools and new agreements? They amount to no more than the pin prick in the hide of a rhinoceros.

Only a few politicians who still perceive advertising material in the denunciation of the trusts pretend that prosecution can ever effectively stay the course of economic evolution. They but help to postpone the discovery of the solution. The real work of dealing with the difficulty lies with those who are confident that regulation, not foolish attempts at destruction, constitutes the answer.

Great Combination.

If Mr. Clark is elected president next year, a congress Democratic in both branches is likely to supplement that result, and the first business in hand in 1913—probably in the spring—will be tariff revision. The Payne law will come in for a complete overhauling. What then shall we see? A man in the White House familiar with the tariff from a Democratic point of view, a man in the speakership—Mr. Underwood—familiar with the tariff in the White House, and some man chairman of ways and means familiar with both. A majority of the majority of the house will be men who have served with the president in congress. The combination will be as closely knitted as was that of McKinley, Reed and Dingley.

Mr. Taft's Form of "Recall." President Taft has manifested something akin to bitterness in his opposition to the recall feature of "progressive" politics.

All the same, he is on a trip of speechmaking, with the purpose of urging the recall of every congressman who does not agree with his policies.

For Mr. Taft, recall by law is all wrong; but recall at the behest of the president is all right.

Protectionists and beneficiaries of government favoritism to the few at the expense of the many are rejoicing throughout the world over the blow to commercial freedom in Canada.

Where the Billionaire Failed. The billionaire sighed as he looked at the clouds obscuring the links, and yet no such sigh ever was born of missing a game. His trouble was deeper.

Despite all he could do the billionaire knew that his stock of gold was increasing at a rate little short of scandalous. He had given it away in bales and chunks, sometimes for a good purpose, and occasionally for a purpose beyond being concerned. He had erected to himself a string of ex-

pensive monuments, each one costing him a pretty penny. Nevertheless, money poured in upon him as fast as an army of men could earn it, until he could have wept at impending disgrace, for his ambition was to die poor.—Life.

Are "No Account." The sooner you forget your injured feelings, if you have any, the sooner you will be without the discomfort of injured feelings. They're "no account" any way you fix them.

IS VERY BAD EITHER WAY

Taft's Veto of the Wool Bill May Cause Him Many a Bad Quarter on an Hour.

We are confident that President Taft, by his veto of the wool bill, has prepared many a bad quarter of an hour for himself. It may appear that he has done an uncomfortable disservice to his tariff board by so much insisting upon the necessity of basing revision of the schedules upon its report and findings.

The Underwood revision of the wool schedule Mr. Taft found to be unacceptable, because it had been prepared without information as to cost differences and other factors which the tariff board is engaged in studying. The general opinion of the country, we are sure, is that, in signing a bill which reduces the run of duties on woolen fabrics from 95 per cent to 45 per cent, he would have run no great risk of sanctioning duties too low to meet differences of production cost and the "reasonable profit" to American manufacturers. However, he was of a different opinion, and vetoed the bill.

Now, suppose the report of the tariff board should be of such a nature as to justify rates below those fixed in the Underwood bill. That would show that Mr. Taft had entirely misjudged the result and had done injustice to its authors in imputing haste and recklessness to them in preparing the new rates. On the other hand, suppose the board's report should indicate the necessity of duties considerably higher than those fixed in the Underwood bill. Does the president suppose, do the woolen manufacturers or the friends of protection generally imagine for a moment, that the country would accept such a report as a fair and impartial presentation of facts fit to serve as a basis for the revision of that schedule? Would it not, on the contrary, be everywhere said that the president's tariff board was but a part of the great protectionist organization, co-operating with the Republican party and with the president himself to maintain the "indestructible" duties of schedule K?

It seems to us that embarrassments which might easily have been avoided by signing the wool bill have been deliberately invited by the veto.

Just Like Him.

Some exceedingly powerful business combinations being involved in the matter, the president's action in the case of Doctor Wiley is inconclusive. Mr. Taft exonerates Wiley from trifling charges trumped up against him, but he does not go to the root of the matter at all.

The department of agriculture is presided over by an aged person of the name of Wilson. It actually is run by a young and active person of the name of McCabe. It is McCabe who has made most of the trouble for Wiley. Wiley wants to enforce the pure food law. McCabe seems to have other views.

If the president were constitutionally and temperamentally capable of taking a position and holding it, his finding in favor of Doctor Wiley in the recent absurd little controversy would have necessitated the prompt elimination of McCabe from the public service. Instead of separating McCabe from his usurped position in the department, however, Mr. Taft barely mentions him. He is too stout, too merry, too keenly intent upon travel to make a thorough job of anything in which private interests appear in antagonism to those of the people.

To Him That Hath.

Since the first of the year, sugar has advanced something more than 93 per cent. According to the calculations of Wall street brokers, the sugar trust profits to the extent of \$40,000,000 as a result.

Under decisions of United States courts, the trust was obliged to pay the government several million dollars because of wholesale dishonesty. Of course, that was unpleasant for the trust management.

But, by the tariff schedules and the short sugar-bet crop, the robbers have been furnished conditions to offset the incommensurable requirements of the law.

"To him that hath shall be given"—so long as tariff extortions shall be permitted.

It would be mighty interesting to know what a gathering of notables who are in such close touch with the voters of the country had to say about the political situation. What do you suppose, for instance, Hon. Curtis had to say about Kansas and its tremendous enthusiasm for the leadership of "Hons." Wickersham, Penrose, Root and Lippett?

Out on the Gravel road there is an expressman who has "General Grant's wagon." It has been repaired to some extent, but one of the hubs really formed part of a wagon belonging to the silent man of the '60s. This is like some of the Abraham Lincoln Republicanism we have heard about in the relation of the goods to the label.—St. Louis Republic.

The most important advantage to be found in the reciprocity agreement, according to Secretary Wilson, is the access it affords to the Canadian woods. Aye we infer from this that the secretary foresees the personal need of retirement to the tall timber?

Those eminent financiers who say that agitation is bad for business should have thought of that before they agitated for so much tariff and such a lax enforcement of the laws that especially concern their enterprises.

Persepolis Not of Persia. True porcelain was never produced in Persia, but hard paste porcelain in Persian forms and styles of decoration was made in China for the Persian market. Wine ewers with powder blue glaze and gold overglaze decoration, small vases, and bowls with bronze luster glaze and designs reserved in white are found in collections of Persian ware, but these are unquestionably of Chinese origin.

Fight the Hobbie Skirt. A crusade against hobbie skirts has been begun in Milan, under the auspices of the cardinal archbishop. A league among fathers of families has been formed there with the object of combating hobbie skirts and several other female fashions. The members undertake not to allow their wives and daughters to follow such fashions. It is probable that a propaganda will be initiated throughout Italy.

TALES OF GOTHAM AND OTHER CITIES

Professional Spongers of New York



NEW YORK.—There are in New York city, of course, many men who, down and out and having no idea what the next 24 hours may bring to them in the way of misfortune, simply refuse to work. But of this class the most conspicuous and interesting, for the simple reason that almost without exception the bluest blood flows in their veins and the most charming graces of manner characterize their every waking moment, are the remittance men from England.

Good looking, of the class which will go hungry rather than wear soiled linen or unpressed clothing, these men have all been seen over here by titled relatives who, in some way or other, they have disgraced. So long as the ocean rolls between them these same relatives are glad to pay a little something toward their board and keep and some of the remittance men live on as low as \$5 a week, for as has been said, they politely but firmly refuse to lift their hands in labor of any sort, kind or condition.

There are from 200 to 300 remittance men in New York city today and while they are not what may be termed scamps, when it comes to money matters many of them are utterly unscrupulous. None of them has ever worked a day in his life, but every one is under the delusion that he could be a great business man on a large scale.

They dream up the most extraordinary propositions you ever heard of. One or two have actually made money in this way. They have fallen in with some get-rich-quick geniuses, have made their personality useful, and have been shrewd enough to carry off a fair share of the profits.

The remittance man of New York generally hires a room and tries to eat off his acquaintances and friends. Some of the big hotels have dollar-a-day rooms on their top floors and these are useful to the remittance man. They give him an address that helps him along.

One of these men has picked up some money by giving Americans going abroad letters of introduction to titled people. The letters are all genuine and he really knows all the people he writes to, so there is no fraud. In each case he actually secures a loan from the man he has obliged.

A number of remittance men receive their stipend from home quarterly, but their custom is being done away with, for these exiles are, as a class, improvident, and if several hundred dollars is placed in their hands at once it is almost certain to go like water. Nearly invariably the remittance man is a persistent devotee of the tables of chance.

Horse Thief Made Cave a Rendezvous

PHILADELPHIA.—Frank Brown, the self-confessed horse thief, according to Captain of Detectives Souder, has stolen at least 100 horses. It was declared by the detectives that the young woman who was arrested with Brown and whom he calls his wife knows many of the thefts. Captain Souder said that Brown would steal the horses and then sell them, sometimes getting in exchange another horse, which he would also dispose of. In this way scores of horses have got so mixed up that it will take Captain Souder some time to recover all the horses and have them returned to their rightful owners.

Captain Souder admitted that Brown had made a long confession and that a number of the horses had been recovered, but that he was not yet prepared to give out a list of the owners of the animals. Souder asked all those in Pennsylvania and New Jersey who had lost horses to communicate with him or call at the detective bureau at once, as they may have a chance to recover their property.

It was learned for the first time that Brown and the woman who poses as his wife lived for a considerable time in a cave in the northeast section of the city and that their whereabouts was only discovered by the illness of the woman. Detectives worked on the

Youth Ends 30,000-Mile World Jaunt

MARION, IND.—The "around-the-world" jaunt of Robert Matter, son of Philip Matter, Marion's wealthiest resident, taken because he was dissatisfied with his monthly allowance, is at an end. The boy has returned to his parents' home after circling the globe and traveling 30,000 miles. During the greater portion of the time he traveled in the true style of the American "hobo," working his way from place to place and stopping only long enough to secure funds to carry him to the next point.

Young Matter started his globe-trotting under the name of Robert Morton. Not until he met his brother in the east a week before he arrived home did he reveal his true identity. He always posed as a poor American boy compelled to work for a livelihood, and never once did he mention

the wealth or prominence of his family, his college days or of his life before he started on the eventful trip.

The young man first signed as a feeder on a London bound cattle boat from New York. He was sick almost the entire trip, but he did not give up the idea of circling the globe. He spent some time in London, then moved to Belgium and later to Australia. He visited points in Egypt, Gibraltar and other places in the Old World. He worked in the Fiji and Hawaiian Islands and finally landed at Vancouver, B. C. There he found a serious strike in progress. It was then Matter became an American tramp in the true sense of the word. Wearing shabby clothes and badly in need of a shave, the young man started to "hobo" his way out of the country.

He finally reached Swift Current, Canada, where his brother, John Matter, is located, and a happy reunion followed. John Matter was the first person Robert Matter had seen since leaving New York that he knew. Matter secured a position on a farm and worked until he saved enough money to ride to Marion "on the cushions."

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BAGGAGE PORTER'S TIPS MAKE FORTUNE

KANSAS CITY, MO.—One of the men who have done well in this city during the last ten years is Gus Miller, head porter of the Baltimore hotel, who has gathered a fortune of \$60,000 during that time, most of it in tips of a quarter from the traveling men who want their baggage handled quickly.

Out in the Roanoke district he has a \$12,000 home. He also owns a lodging house from which he received \$150 a month and other realty that produces a comfortable revenue.

Meanwhile his daily costume during the business hours is the usual blue flannel blouse jumpers and his business is transacted from the same little desk in the baggage room of the hotel surrounded by big trunks, little trunks, suit cases and grips.

There are a dozen men working under Miller and while all the tips are supposed to belong to the boss there are a few of them that get away in transit from the free hand of the traveling public to the desk of the head porter. The tips average \$500 a month and Miller has accumulated \$50 in a single busy day.

Every year Miller takes a vacation and spends three or four weeks traveling to the big cities and resort hotels. On these trips he distributes quarters like a farmer sowing oats. "Sometimes the service is very bad that I get while I am traveling," says Miller, "but I dig up a quarter anywhere, figuring that I am only putting it back where I get it."

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FROM TEXAS

Some Coffee Facts From the Lone Star State.

From a beautiful farm down in Texas, where gushing springs unite to form babbling brooks that wind their sparkling way through flowery meadows, comes a note of gratitude for delivery from the coffee habit.

"When my baby boy came to me five years ago, I began to drink Postum, having a feeling that it would be better for him and me than the old kind of drug-laden coffee. I was not disappointed in it, for it enabled me, a small, delicate woman, to nurse a bouncing, healthy baby 14 months."

"I have since continued the use of Postum for I have grown fond of it, and have discovered to my joy that it has entirely relieved me of a bilious habit which used to prostrate me two or three times a year, causing much discomfort to my family and suffering to myself."

"My brother-in-law was cured of chronic constipation by leaving off coffee and using Postum. He has become even more fond of it than he was of the old coffee."

"In fact, the entire family, from the latest arrival (a 2-year-old who always calls for his 'potie' first thing in the morning), up to the head of the house, think there is no drink so good or so wholesome as Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pages. There's a reason. Over read the above letter! A man one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

CHANGE IN WOMAN'S LIFE

Made Safe by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Granville, Vt.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from nervousness and other annoying symptoms, and I can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has proved worth mountains of gold to me, as it restored my health and strength. I never forget to tell my friends what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me during this trying period. Complete restoration to health means so much to me that for the sake of other suffering women I am willing to make my trouble public so you may publish this letter."—Mrs. CHAS. BANCAY, R.F.D., Granville, Vt.

No other medicine for woman's life has received such wide-spread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine we know of has such a record of cures as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For more than 30 years it has been curing woman's ills such as inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains and nervous prostration, and it is unequalled for carrying women safely through the period of change of life.

Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

SUITED TO A TEE.

Fox (to bear)—Come over tomorrow and we'll play a game of golf on the links. Bear—All right. I don't know what the game is, but if there's any job you can put up on the lynx I'm in with you.

Modern Morals. "William Dean Howells, at a tea at his apartment in Half Moon street, said a magazine editor who had just returned from London, 'amuse, us all with reminiscences of New York celebrities.'"

Mr. Howells hit off rather neatly a notorious celebrity of Wall street. "When that man came in New York in '89," he said, "everything he possessed was tied up in a bandana handkerchief. Today—"

"Mr. H. smiled and stroked his close-clipped mustache. "Today everything he possesses is tied up in his wife's name."

Aerial Scout Work. As an example of what German military airmen are already able to do, the performance of Lieutenant Mackenthun recently is cited. In a space of 35 minutes Lieutenant Mackenthun, who was acting for the Red force, rose and flew along the enemy's front and was back on the ground at his headquarters ready to report. To obtain the same results would have taken a strong force of cavalry four hours.

To Mend an Umbrella. To mend an umbrella that tears loose from the rib at the point, when you are on the street and needle and thread are not available, close the umbrella and bring the cloth in position, insert a small hairpin in the hole of the rib, and wind securely around cloth. This "first aid to the injured" is so efficient you will be tempted to leave it permanently.—